# THE

# CURATE:

# A

# POEM.

[Price Half a Crown.]

18 57 SEP

(2.)

THE

# CURATE.

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A

The Gift of

# POEM.

John Garnons of Rhiwgoch

INSCRIBED TO ALL THE

to Captain Richard Gwynne

CURATES in ENGLAND and WALES.

1766.

BY

E. Lloyd

AUTHOR OF THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal-Exchange.

M DCC LXVI.

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# THE CURATE.

IS there a muſe among the tuneful *Nine*,
Will give her hand, and let me call her mine?
Will deign a little homely cot approach,
And walk with him who cannot keep a coach?
Will take a bard for better or for worſe,
And plight her troth before ſhe weighs his purſe?
Who knows that *Chance* is queen of earthly things,
Nor gives her precious ſelf to kneeling kings;
Who knows from inſtances upon record,
A lord may be a fool, a fool a lord;

Who

Who holds good ſenſe a far more precious dow'r,
Than riches, honours, equipage, or pow'r;
Whoſe native taſte ſo pure, and ſo refin'd,
Will own no charms but thoſe that grace the mind:
To kneeling dukes, and ſupplicating earls,
Mildly replies, " Go---woo young giddy girls,
" Who ſigh for tinſel coats, and gilded car,
" And the *celeſtial* preſſure of a *ſtar*;
" In vain to hope my favour are you led,
" From the bare merit of a *ſilver-thread*;
" The emptineſs of *forms* too plain I ſee,
" Garters, and crowns themſelves, are *toys* with me;
" *Stars* ſhew nor patriot heart, nor ſtateſman's ſkill,
" *Lords*, like *card-matches*, may be made at will;
" And he who ranks as *Knighthood*'s glorious chief,
" Shares the high honour with a *loin of beef*:
" Theſe gifts among the *mob of Fortune* fall;
" One grain of honeſty is worth them all---
" Ceaſe then to ſue on ſuch a vain pretence;
" The dow'ry I demand, is wit, and ſenſe."

If

If there's a muſe (and ſure ye all are ſo,
For well the *real worth* of things ye know)
Who not diſdains a *tatter'd Curate*'s ſuit,
Whoſe richeſt portion is a *ſilver-lute*,
And *hopes*, without fond flattery to ſelf,
A *heart* that may atone the lack of pelf,
Be now my helpmate! and aſſiſt to ſtring
And tune *this lute*, the *Curate*'s lot to ſing.

While Nature was a girl, a village-maid,
That 'midſt the bumpkin world the hoyden play'd,
Looſe and unzon'd, and ere her guilty fall,
Rich to exuberance, gave all to all,
The luſcious milk free ſtreaming from the breaſt,
To each whoſe amorous hand her boſom preſt;
Corn, wine, and oil, promiſcuous were beſtow'd,
And Canaan's bleſſings all ſpontaneous flow'd:
No monarch then ſat lazy on the throne,
Among the buſy hive himſelf a drone;

No miniſters on taxed nations fed,
Nor gorg'd down countries, while the people bled;
No mitred paſtor was by law decreed,
To fleece the flock which he diſdain'd to feed;
No gutling prieſt whoſe *goſpel* is a *pye*,
Whoſe heav'n to grunt in Epicurus' ſtye,
Reap'd the rich harveſt of another's toil,
And, tho' he ſhunn'd the battle, claim'd the ſpoil.
Man then no *patron* knew, of none had need;
A fair allotment was to all decreed;
Nature to all reach'd out a parent's care,
And of her gifts gave each an equal ſhare;
No fav'rite was preferr'd to all the reſt,
His brothers ſcorn'd, and only he careſs'd;
Bounteous without diſtinction ſhe was found,
And all her family play'd ſmiling round.

Such were the days ere Nature's guilty fall,
Life was all honey, unalloy'd with gall;

Of

But Sin, enamour'd of her beauteous face,
Raviſh'd young Nature in a lewd embrace.
Of the accurs'd embrace accurs'd the ſon,
For *Inſolence of office* then begun;
And *baſtardizing Nature's* eldeſt born
Was *Deputation---man taught man to ſcorn*
*Brother to tread on brother; and aſpire*
*By office great to trample on his ſire:*
The luſt of pow'r in every boſom burn'd,
And Nature's *firſt equality* o'erturn'd.

Earth to her center ſhook---and Nature's frame
Was chang'd, and now her fruitful womb became
Barren; and all her organs of increaſe
Well nigh dried up; ſpontaneous harveſts ceaſe;
The purple cluſters of the vineyard fail,
*Ceres* withdraws her bounty from the vale;
*Vertumnus*, erſt the generous vernal king,
Now locks the budding riches of the ſpring;

*Flora*, who Nature once ſo trimly dreſt,
Now pluck'd the fading roſes from her breaſt;
*Pomona*'s golden ſtores no more abound,
That gilded o'er the vaſt horizon round;
*All Nature's Agents* now the miſer play'd,
And ſcant proviſion for her children made;
*Old Hiems* only liberal was found,
*Scatt'ring his ice, like morſels*, all around.
The hill, the grove, the meadow, and the field,
No more their vegetable treaſures yield,
With bounty unconſtrain'd---a niggard grown,
*Earth* will no harveſt give, but what is ſown;
Will let her breaſt be torn up with the plow,
And aſks the ſalt-drops of the lab'rer's brow,
Ere ſhe will yield increaſe, and pay his toil,
With the rich bleſſings treaſur'd in her ſoil;
For Nature had decreed, that all ſhould learn,
Before they eat, their nouriſhment to earn.

*Labour* and *Profit* then went hand in hand,
And Induſtry cou'd Fortune's wheel command---

But *Paſſions* roſe, a mutinying crew,
And the fair order of the world o'erthrew.
*Ambition* throbbing in ſome tyrant-breaſt,
Urg'd one proud man to lord it o'er the reſt;
Urg'd on his brethren's neck to raiſe a throne,
And rob their coffers to enrich his own;
T' aſſume high office, title, and controul,
And, though by nature equal, rule the whole.
But ſoon he found, that to erect a throne
Was eaſier, than to keep it ſtill his own;
For rebel ſpirits made it toil to reign,
Nor ſuffer'd ſlav'ry, without giving pain.---
Thus, from the world's inſtinctive love of *eaſe*,
Sceptres loſt more than half their pow'r to pleaſe.
And, but for *ſubſtituted office*, kings
And emperors had been unenvy'd things;
Monarchs had flung their ſceptres to the ſeas,
And giv'n up kingdoms to redeem their eaſe:
But *Indolence*, enchantment on her tongue,
The joys of kings with ſyren-ſweetneſs ſung.

" Ye

" Ye mighty Monarchs of the earth attend!
" Receive theſe golden precepts from a friend!
" Your trueſt friend! for I will rid your crown
" Of thorns, and give more ſoftneſs to its down---
" *Depute* ſome vaſſal ſubject to ſuſtain
" The load of troubles that moleſt your reign!
" But to yourſelves the *gain* and *title* keep,
" And from *your greatneſs* prove *your right to ſleep!*
" Your right to doze in Morpheus' opiate bow'rs,
" And ſink on ſofa's of the ſofteſt flowers;
" Lull'd to repoſe by Hybla's murmuring bees,
" And fann'd with young Favonius' eſſenc'd breeze;
" Yourſelves at eaſe may load your Viceroy's back,
" With cares of ſtate their tougheſt ſinews crack,---
" While they, like Siſyphus, toil up the hill,
" You in your pleaſures may be Monarchs ſtill;
" Pandars may ſend to Cythereän groves,
" To ſummon all the *Graces* and the *Loves*;
" Then let your eye with curious ſearch ſurvey
" The blooming ranks in Beauty's bright array;

" 'Till

" 'Till one more lovely than the reſt is found,
" Her lilly temples with muſk-roſes bound,
" Her treſſes playing with the wanton breeze,
" Her boſom heaving ſoft as ſummer ſeas;
" White as the ſnow on Taurus' height her breaſt,
" Rounded by love, and ſuing to be preſt;
" Whoſe robe looſe-flowing ſhews her lovely waiſt,
" Firm tho' unzon'd, and (but *in wiſhes*) chaſte;
" Crimſon'd with bluſhes, that thoſe parts are ſhewn,
" Which maiden modeſty wou'd keep unknown;
" Charms which a holy anchorite ſhou'd ſhun,
" Leſt Virtue ſhou'd by Beauty be undone!
" Charms! that with full enjoyment cannot cloy,
" But ſtir a ſated appetite to joy!
" Charms! at which Venus' cheek with envy fades!
" With *her* retire to dark embow'ring ſhades,
" And copious draughts of *Cyprian pleaſures* take---
" ---Or, if 'tis too much toil to keep *awake*,
" Claim ev'ry act of indolence your own,
" And be a ſleeping *Somnus* on the throne;

" Be half-inanimate, and count it gain,
" For too much life won'd bring you too much pain;
" Gape, yawn, and ſtretch---but let another cloſe
" Your eylids, and *by proxy* blow your noſe."---

The Syren ſcarce had her enchantment ſung,
The honey ſtill ran trickling from her tongue,
When all the Monarchs of the liſt'ning throng,
Grown truants at the muſic of her ſong,
The nectar'd poiſon drank---and from that day,
The weighty cares of empire ſhook away,
And fix'd the load on *miniſterial Elves*,
But kept the crown and ſceptre to themſelves.---

From *one great Source* the human nature ſprings,
And *Subjects* will be indolent as *Kings*---
Hence ev'ry *Viceroy* pays a *Subſtitute*,
And hence *deputed Miniſters depute*;
Kings *hireling Secretaries* keep, and *theſe*
Muſt have *their Secretaries* too, for eaſe---

Biſhops

Biſhops place *Rectors* thro' their holy ſees,
And *Rectors mince* them into *Curacies*;
Each petty *Principal* a *Clerk* muſt keep,
And *Chimney-ſweepers* by their *Proxies* ſweep;
A *Beggar* purchaſes two *wooden legs*,
Gives them his *Deputy*, and thro' him begs.

'Mong all the wretches found on *Proxy*'s liſt,
That crawl 'twixt heav'n and earth, and ſcarce ſubſiſt;
'Mong all the lots to which the poor is heir,
The hardeſt portion is the *Curate*'s ſhare.---

This is no raving of diſguſted pride,
No random ſenſe by paſſion miſapply'd;
For, bring her to the proof, the *Muſe* ſhall ſhew
From various inſtances, the truth is ſo.---

---To mend the feeling, to increaſe the ſore,
Is *miſery refin'd*, and nothing more---
Yet this the *Curate*'s fate---his part demands
More than the contact of a Biſhop's hands;

Demands thoſe graces that adorn the mind,
And of refinements aſks the moſt refin'd;
Aſks all thoſe claſſic flow'rs that once did bloom,
In Academus' grove, and antient Rome.

This his high calling aſks---and yet his lot
Throws him where all refinement is forgot:
Throws him among a rude unletter'd crowd,
Rude and unletter'd, but of purſes proud;
Proud and contemptuous to a *ruſty gown*,
Tho' from *lawn-ſleeves* all nonſenſe will go down---
Lovely's that ignorance that begs for light,
And kindly thanks the friend that ſets it right---
To ſuch, my ſoul, thy ſervices thou ow'ſt,
For *this*, his gracious gifts the Holy Ghoſt
Show'rs on the delegated Prieſt, in truſt,
To give the meek, and ſhew that God is juſt.
From choice, as well as duty, ſuch I'd teach,
And earn the kingdom, which to them I preach---
But the *proud Fool*, who, to the lack of ſenſe,
The aggravation adds of inſolence;

Who vainly thinks that Learning ſhould ſubmit
To gold, or Title take the lead of Wit;
Who thinks that *Alma*'s Sons ſhou'd bare the head,
And crook the knee unto a *thing of lead*;
Who, for he's worth ſome hundred thouſand pound,
The richeſt fool, ſearch all the country round,
Will take it ill his *Wealthineſs* is taught
To own him *Lord* who was not worth a groat;
To ſuch, (forgive, meek Saviour of us all,
That in my nature there is ſo much gall!)
So much my ſpirit with their pride is vext,
My *foot* ſhould *preach*, a *kick* ſhould be the *text*.
Turn where you will, you'll find on ev'ry ſide
The Curate ſlighted by the Tradeſman's pride;
As if they paid their tythes and Eaſter-dues,
Only to qualify them to abuſe---
Few are th' exceptions of another ſtamp,
From the Lord-May'r to Tom that lights his lamp.

Wash'd from all dulness in the sacred well,
" Beside whose stream the Muses love to dwell,"
Baptiz'd a Classic, taught each lib'ral art,
That mends the head, or meliorates the heart;
Howe'er despis'd the Curate for his purse,
Religion bred him, Science was his nurse:
Pent in his study, converse he may hold,
Above the reach of Nabobs and their gold,
Where all the gems of India not admit,
The only ticket for access is Wit;
Can with *Augustus* pass a social hour,
Nor feel one slight from his superior pow'r;
With mighty *Julius* in his tent can dine,
And fight again his battles on the Rhine;
A classic ev'ning with *Mæcenas* spend,
Or laugh with *Horace*, his familiar friend;
Visit *young Ammon* at the royal feast,
And join the circle an unbidden guest;
Snatch'd up on *Homer*'s wings can spurn the clods
Of earth, and rush to mingle with the gods---

With

With ſpirit thus dilated, how it galls
To hear how pert the *Undertaker* calls!
Loud his complaint that he is made to wait
*Five minutes*, hearſe and coaches at the gate,
By *thread-bare* fellows---He, forſooth, wou'd have
*Curates*, like *yew-trees*, growing to the grave---
"My breath and blood,"---it is too much to bear
The vile mechanic's domineering air.
Note him---he traffieks in his brethren's duſt---
If his *good neighbours* will not die---*he* muſt---
*Broker* to *Death*, and *Taylor* to the *Dead*,
To dreſs the *Body*, when the *Soul* is fled---
Yet are this reptile's taunts ſo rude, ſo loud,
You'd ſwear he *ſold the Curate* with *the ſhroud*.---
---Hence to thy ſhop---prepare the worm his feaſt,
Nor dare profane the office of the Prieſt---
(The Muſe wou'd find no trouble to her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along;
She knows but one *exceptionable caſe*,
And ſhe a *woman*, who can *hold her peace*)

Heart-

Heart-galling treatment! yet is this not all,
Not half the wrongs that to the Curate fall;
Others as ſorely hurt his lib'ral ſoul,
Whoſe honeſt pride ill brooks uſurp'd controul.

The Wardens lo! uncivil and unbred!
Unlick'd, untaught, un-all-things—but unfed!—
When Sunday comes, theſe boors wou'd fain be beaux,
But can't put on good manners with good cloaths;
The vulgar manner, and the warehouſe phraſe,
Sticks to their tongue in whatſoe'er it ſays;
And when they don the Sunday ſuit of lace,
They doff the ſhopman's *Epileptic face*;
The greaſy night-cap's thrown aſide, and now
They buckle up the ſupercilious brow,
Heap on their leaden pate Sir *Cloudeſly*'s *wig*,
With all the little arts of looking big;
Grow rude to thoſe to whom ſix days they bow'd;
If they can't be polite, they will be proud;
Will treat all Curates with contemptuous air,
Although the livery of *Chriſt* they wear;

" *Servant to Chriſt!* and what is that to me?
" I keep a ſervant too, as well as He:"---
Step to the Veſtry---view the offic'd Fool,
You'd ſwear that there the beaſt was hard at ſt---l,
So cloſe he keeps his ſeat, nor deigns to ſtir
When Curate comes, nor ſcarce " *your Servant, Sir*"---
And tho' they are but ſweepers of the pews,
The *Scullions of the Church*, they dare abuſe,
And rudely treat their betters, urg'd by pride,
As *Grooms*, tho' *Horſes Servants*, mount and ride.

Dine at a *Pariſh-feaſt*, and there review
The coarſe behaviour of the glutton crew!
Each petty ſlave in office, greedy carves
The unctuous morſels while the Curate ſtarves.

Harſh tho' this uſage, yet I this could bear,
Tho' rude enough to make a *Parſon ſwear*;
A maxim might ſtep in and take their part,
As, *Injuries come only from the Heart*;

And I might pity, rather than reſent
Affronts, which as affronts were never meant;
Frankly excuſe the ſlights they ſhew the Prieſt,
Nor hope for manners at a *Pariſh-feaſt*;
For rudely ſnatching cuſtard, tart, or jelly,
*Wardens* and *Girls* alike, may *plead their belly*;
They are but *human Wolves*, a hungry race,
And *Wolves* may eat their dinner *without grace*.

The *Clerk* himſelf is ſaucy now and then,
But who would quarrel with a *mere Amen*?

To errors mild although th' indulgent Muſe
Inclines *inſtinctive rudeneſs* to excuſe,
Yet who ſo tame, ſo ſlaviſh, ('tis not *meek*)
That feels not when the ſcorner ſmites his cheek?
Whoſe blood half-frozen thro' his veins ſcarce creeps,
Whoſe ſpirit tamely under inſults ſleeps;
Who can unmov'd behold his Honour bleed,
And licks the hands that cuff him, if they feed;

Suffers

Suffers reproaches from a *wretch*, whoſe *Senſe*
Is but *Preferment*, and his *Virtue*, *Pence*;
*Whoſe* only ſcience is to fill his bags,
*Whoſe* paſtime is to tread on worth in rags;
Deep-read in the Divinity of Hell,
*Who* can the Prince of Pride, in Pride excel,
And truly *orthodox* in *Satan's* lore,
Will not forgive the *Sin* of *being poor*.---

I have not drank of Patience well ſo deep,
To lay each feeling of my ſoul aſleep;
I boaſt not iron ribs, nor heart of ſteel,
Raw is my fleſh, and warm my blood to *feel*;
If inſults come, they touch me as a Man,
And I muſt ſhake them from me as I can,
And dare, where'er a crying wrong I ſee,
Say, tho' a King had done it, *Thou art He*---
For this th' advent'rous Muſe began the Song,
An anxious pleader 'gainſt the *Curate's* wrong.

Among

Among the reverend row of *M---d* heads,
On whom the Church her choiceſt honours ſheds,
Who have in charge as a peculiar care,
That Curates while they pray may live by pray'r;
Who ſhould the profits of the Church divide
'Mong thoſe by whom her ſervice is ſupply'd;
Are there not ſome who from ſtrict duty ſwerve,
Nor give the moſt to thoſe who moſt deſerve?
Who to themſelves a little more have ta'en,
Than Conſcience can allow, or Law maintain?
Who pick a few *Commendams* here and there,
Which to a needy Curate they might ſpare?
And are there none who wou'd uſurp controul,
And fain be B----ps o'er the Clergy's *ſoul*,
Wou'd lord it o'er their Judgment, and demand
A Party-Vote, while Conſcience is at ſtand?
And he who dares aſſert his will is free,
Is doom'd to ſtarve upon a Curacy.---

Sits there not one upon the holy bench,
Who makes Religion a convenient wench?

Who thinks ſhe ſhould go *plain*, but can for pay
Prove there's no harm in being ſomewhat gay;
Can turn the goſpel fifty ways for pelf,
And make a *Party-man* of Chriſt himſelf;
Enliſted firſt in *Calvin*'s canting tribe,
Then fled to *Luther* for a decent bribe?

Is there not one, who bows the pliant knee,
And worſhips yellow dirt, his deity?
An humble ſuitor to a ſenſeleſs clod,
Tho' proud to Man, and humourſome to God;
Who in a peeviſh hour (as tetchy boys
In wayward humour fling away their toys)
With his *lov'd Idol diſagreed*, and ſwore
He ne'er wou'd love it, never, never more---
But *Avarice* ſtept in, and made them friends;
They kiſs, ſhake hands, and ſo the quarrel ends---
Worn by the cares of Us'ry to the bone,
Tho' for the *meagre Prieſt* of *Plutus* known,

He in Chriſt's doctrine deals, by way of trade,
Money by *preaching Poverty* is made---
Whoſe labours were beſtow'd upon the *head*,
Whoſe *heart*, that found itſelf neglected, fled,
And now a *mere*, *mere head* he lives, with Greek
Carv'd on his ſkull, and furrow'd in his cheek;
Be-greek'd, be-latin'd, and be-hebrew'd too,
Yet from no tongue has learnt *what he ſhou'd do*;
Who lives as if life's buſ'neſs was to write
Learned materials for a ſchool-boy's kite;
Whoſe *left hand* cannot one good action quote,
And all the merit of his *right*, *a Note*;
A Commentator ſage, a Critic nice,
A cobweb'd library, his paradiſe;
Who, tho' our gracious Maſter has foretold
The everlaſting doors are ſhut 'gainſt gold,
Yet ſtill digs on for gold in *Mammon*'s mines,
And heaps up precious ruin, for it *ſhines*;
Thinking he may elude what Chriſt decreed,
And tho' a *Camel* fail, that he'll ſucceed;

And *worn* with Av'rice hopes like *chaff* to fly,
And ſqueeze to Heaven thro' a *needle's eye.*

Is there not one ſo baſe, ſo falſe of heart,
A very Roſcius in a Traitor's part?
Who will his Patron's confidence betray,
And ſell him to his enemy for pay;
A draper of the Church's ſacred lawn,
Which he muſt ſmuggle, tho' his ſoul He pawn;
And has his Conſcience drugg'd ſo well, that He
Can ſmoothly preach up Chriſtian Charity,
And glows with zeal leſt Chriſt ſhou'd ſuffer harm,
---Let Hell burn thoſe, whom Faith makes but *lukewarm*;
And leſt ſome ills Religion ſhou'd betide,
Himſelf wou'd condeſcend the Church to guide,
And aſk nor ſcrip, nor purſe, nor pay, nor fee,
But be content with **********'s See;
Devoutly crooks the hinges of the knee
To him who moves the ſprings of Miniſtry;
Let the Court-ſunſhine with diverted ray,
On outcaſts beam once more propitious day;

Let him who late felt nothing from the Crown
But gracious ſmiles, now wither in a frown;
Good B---p *Shimei* courts his Patron's foes,
---The inſect lives, but where Favonius blows.

Ye Britiſh laws! why is it you forbid
To drag to light each villain that lies hid?
To call him by his *real name*, no *ſham*,
His name baptiſmal---Tom, Dick, Will, or Sam---
To point them out, that all the world may know
The precious villains whereſoe'er they go---
---It muſt not be---then let invention try
His name by apt *Alluſion* to ſupply:
How ſhall we call this conſecrated dirt?
The *Dev'l* turns *Sponſor*, and cries, *Janus S---t.*

I ſee each *Chaplain* roll an angry eye,
I hear each *Chaplain* pettiſhly reply,
" Pray, where, *Sir Verjuice*, are ſuch B---ps found?
" There are none ſuch, ſearch all the kingdom round---

" As

" As well ſeek *Ice* in *Hell*, and find as ſoon---
---Granted, *good Scarf*---" Where then, Sir?" *In the Moon.*---

The *Muſe*, a *Lunatic* herſelf, aſcends
To *Luna*'s Orb on wings that *Wilkins* lends;
Finds there are haughty Prieſts and Prelates *there*,
Whom, tho' ſhe cannot mend, ſhe will not ſpare;
Return'd again to *Earth*, how pleas'd is ſhe,
To find that *Saints* preſide o'er ev'ry *See!*

Now, *gentle Readers*, you've a *Key* to find,
Whenever She is dark, the *Muſe*'s Mind;
And when I draw a *Biſhop*, or a *Dean*,
Be ſure, it is no one *on Earth* I mean.---

Ye mitred Readers! if ſo young a Muſe
May hope Right Reverend Sages will peruſe
The trifle of her Song, and condeſcend
To hear her bring her ſtory to an end,

Altho' the *Muſe*'s Drawing ſhou'd be true,
What are your *Couſins of the Moon* to You?
To prove your innocence, reſtrain your rage—
Perhaps She prates like Parrots in a cage,
And calls out *Knave* and *Villain* to a throng,
While only Men of Virtue paſs along;
Perhaps the random outlines of her pen
Are *Magic Lanthorn figures*, and not *Men*;
Are but fantaſtic Children of the Brain,
The airy "Penſioners of *Fancy*'s train,"
Wove in *Imagination*'s loom, unſeen
Of ev'ry eye, except the eye of Spleen;
Theſe *Lunar B—s* may be *Saints*—may all
Be meek as *Moſes*, and devout as *Paul*,
Pure as the *premier Seraphim* on high,
As wiſe as Oracles, *as grave as I*;
Be waſh'd with ſhow'rs of Heav'n's ambroſial dews,
And right good *Chriſtians*, tho' as rich as *Jews*:
They may be ſuch, and *Rumour* is their foe—
Glad were the *Muſe*, if ſhe ſhou'd find it ſo;

For

For, in good faith, she is no sland'rous Dame,
And loves to *praise*, far better than to *blame*:
But *He* who throws the picture from his view,
And sorely wincing, proves the Likeness true,
Let him not shake his hoary locks at me,
'Tis Conscience whispers to him, "*Thou art He.*"

Base is that pleasure, which a little mind
Can in maligning others fortunes find.
If *Apemantus* say, I wou'd defeat
The cause of greatness, for I am not great,
And look on Prelates with an envious eye,
Manners forbid, or Truth might give the lie.
My heart's too proud to think that I am less,
Because another meets with more success;
To think I can no race of glory run,
Because I am not *Fortune*'s fav'rite Son;
With joy my soul can pay, to justice true,
Honour's fair tribute, where she thinks it due.
My cheek with Envy's canker never fades,
If *Greatness* follows but as *Merit* leads;

Is prosperous Vice worth envy? 'twere as well
To envy *Satan*'s Monarchy of Hell--

I am not so enamour'd of dispraise,
To credit all the tongue of Slander says;
Malice has not so tainted me with gall,
'Cause some are bad, to think amiss of all;
Nor is the *Muse* so niggard of fair fame,
To think there are no Prelates who may claim
The blest reward that will to Saints be paid,
Whose cause fair *Charity* herself wou'd plead,
For naked, hungry wretches cloath'd and fed,
For comfort giv'n to the sick man's bed;
For captives freed, the weary set at rest,
Oppression thwarted, injuries redrest;
For sinners taught the way of living well,
And souls by *preaching Christ*, redeem'd from Hell:
Yes, there may be among the mitred throng,
Prelates, to whom these praises may belong;
New *Ridleys*, and new *Latimers* may grace,
And add a lustre to their sacred place;

Who, ſhould our *Holy Faith* more *Martyrs* need,
Wou'd, for the *Holy Faith*, or burn or bleed;
And, by their patient ſuffering, prove they hold
The *Virtue* of a *Biſhop* with the *Gold*.
*Such* there may be, altho' to me unknown,
Who may theſe virtues challenge for their own:
(And Truth muſt own, there ſtands full many a name
As yet unblotted on the roll of fame,
On whom the breath of ſlander never blew---
Such *Sherlock* was, and *Terrick*, ſuch are you;
Such *many more*, tho' not my lot to *know*)
But *Conſcience* beſt will find out who is ſo---
To Conſcience then I leave you, while the Muſe
The *Curate*'s life thro' other paths purſues.

Ye purſy *Rectors!* overbearing crew!
Much hath the *Curate* to complain of you---
Much reaſon of complaint that you neglect
To give his worth, and office, fair reſpect;

Forget he is your *Equal*, often *more*,
Unleſs you plume upon the *Money* ſcore.
Ye wou'd be *Maſters*, *Tyrants*, and wou'd have
The *Miniſter of Jeſus*, be *your Slave*;
And, for the ſcanty pittance that you pay,
Which ſcarce amounts to eighteen pence a day,
Expect the *Curate* ſhou'd all drudg'ry do,
On errands run, or black *your Honour's ſhoe*;
In his *Crape-Livery* at your table wait,
Clean knives and forks, but never ſit to eat.
Though of the Church, your *common Mother*, born
*Brothers*, you treat the *Brother*'s tie with ſcorn,
And rarely, very rarely, condeſcend,
If Fortune is his foe, to be *his Friend*;
---Fye, fye---ye haughty Prieſts! and is it ſo
Ye have *learnt Chriſt*, to be a *Brother's* foe!

But ſoft---preſumptuous Muſe!---a lower ſtrain---
And learn to *whiſper*, if you muſt complain;
Let not *the Pagan* hear you ſay aloud,
Some *Prieſts* of *humble Jeſus* can be *proud*---

---Vain is the Caution---What ſhou'd be the fear,
Tho' *Pagans* and their *Scoundrel Gods* ſhould hear?
What's there in *Form*, that *Form* ſhou'd *Eſſence* blot?
*Our God* is pure, although ſome *Prieſts* are not.

Miſtake not, Critic!---'tis no rankling ſpite,
No private quarrel urg'd my pen to write
Againſt the *Rector Tribe*---for *be it known*,
I ne'er receiv'd one inſult from *my own*;
And many others, men of worthy note,
Exceptions to her charge the Muſe could quote,
Who can amalgamate with chymic art,
The *Rector's Income* with the *Curate's Heart*---
But they not need it---*Conſcience* will acquit,
And hold her ſhield againſt the darts of Wit;
For let the *Scorner* cenſure, ſleer, and ſlout,
If men are *honeſt*, they can *find it out*:
I am not to my private wrongs confin'd,
But feel as *Man* ſhou'd feel for all Mankind;
And there are *Prieſts* who can like *Popes* oppreſs;
From them th' indignant Muſe demands redreſs---

Behold *Nugoſo!* wriggling, ſhuffling on,
A mere *Church-puppet*, an *Automaton*
In Orders; note *its* tripping, mincing pace---
*Religion* creams and mantles in *its* face!
*'Tis* all Religion from the top to toe!
--- But *Milliners* and *Barbers* made *it* ſo---
*It* wears Religion in the *modiſh* way,
*It bruſhes, ſtarches, combs it* every day;
For our *prim Doctor* is but ſuch a *Saint*
As Sign-poſt daubers o'er a brothel paint;
An *Effigy*, a *reverend Buſt*, whoſe head
Is but a *Perriwig*, and *bronzed Lead*;
Whoſe *Orthodoxy* lies in *outward things*,
In *beavers*, *caſſocks*, *gowns*, *bands*, *gloves* and *rings*:
*It* ſhews *its Learning* by *its Doctor's Hood*,
And proves *its Goodneſs*---'cauſe *its cloaths are good*;
Preaches (nor think *Invention* frames the lie)
*Its Chriſtmas-Sermon* on a *Chriſtmas-Pye*,
*Orthodox-Pudding* next, and in the rear,
(Salvation thrown aſide) a *good New Year*.

Search

Search but the *North*, the *South*, the *Weſt*, the *Eaſt*
Of this great Town, you'll find this *Paſtry-Prieſt*;
Yet ſhall this Ape of Form, this Faſhion's Fool,
Pretend to keep an Apoſtolic School;
Shall dare with inſolent *Rectorial* pride,
*Its* Curate, ſpite of all his virtues, chide,
And ſcoffing, cry,---" You ne'er can find the way
" To Heaven"---" Why?"---" Your *Stockings* are too
" gay;
" Your *Wig* is not quite *orthodoxly* curl'd,
" To hope for favour in another world;
" Your *Caſſock* is *too ruſty*---and your *Gown*
" Is for the *Court of Jeſus* much *too brown*.
" Your *Band* is not half *ſtarch enough*---your *Hat*
" Too *fiercely cock'd*---th' *Apoſtles* wore them *flat*;
" Pray in your *Coat* too!---worſe than all the reſt---
" God's *not at Home*, Sir, if the *Prieſt's undreſt*---
" Mend and reform---*in Cloaths*---for no one goes
" To Heav'n's gay Court, except *Canonic-beaux*.

---It chatters, prattles, ſnivels, whines, and cants,
More tedious than a world of Maiden Aunts.---

Thou Saint-ſeducing Gold! whom canſt not Thou
Apoſtates make, and at thy Altars bow?
The holy Prieſt ſhall, when Thou bidd'ſt, reſign
His God, and pay his Homage at thy Shrine;
Shall, when the Paſtor's Office he'd transfer,
Make no enquiry into *character*,
Conſult no profit which *his flock* may reap
From the deputed ſhepherd, but *how cheap*;
And when two offer, *good*, and *bad*---ſucceſs
Awaits the *bad*, if he will *ſerve for leſs*;
So much the intereſt of *this World* controuls,
He'll *ſave a Guinea*, if he *ſaves no Souls!*

*Example* here might prove the charge is true,
But Prieſts in ſhoals come ruſhing to my view,
That the Muſe knows not which of theſe Divines
Shall jingle as the inſtance of her lines.

*Dives*,

*Dives*, *Avarus*, *Gripus*, fifty more,
Who play the part which *Judas* play'd before;
Perplex her choice, altho' ſhe cou'd not err,
So proper each, which-e'er ſhe did prefer;
The reader may, perchance, relieve her doubt,
And 'mong his neighbours, find an inſtance out.

Though vaſt the ſum of evils that fill up
The meaſure of the *Curate*'s bitter cup;
Though much diſtreſs, much grief of heart he knows,
From them whom *Poverty* have made his foes,
He might bear firmly up, nor condeſcend,
While innocence and virtue call him friend,
At *Fortune*'s ſhrine his ſtubborn knee to bend;
'Might give her ſneer for ſneer, and frown for frown,
Tho' the *Imperial Goddeſs* of *the Town*,
On *Plutus*' *Altars* with diſdain might tread,
And fling his Crown and Sceptre at his head;
Although his heart for *Riches* never pants,
Attentive but to *Nature's ſimple wants*,

And

And could without one longing wish behold
*Oceans of liquid pearl* with *ſhores of gold*;
See *ſhips of amber* on the *orient flood*,
Full fraught with all that *Avarice* calls *good*,
With all that *female Vanity* calls *fair*,
Or *ſpendthrift Luxury* thinks worth his care;
Tho' with contempt he could ſurvey theſe *toys*,
And think them *gewgaws* only fit for *boys*,
Yet may he have one purpoſe in his ſoul,
Which may his *careleſsneſs for Wealth* controul,
On treaſur'd Gold may *proſtitute* his eye,
And ſteal for Miſer's heaps a ſecret ſigh---
*Love* may have touch'd him, and the *fineſt dart*
Of *Cupid's* quiver rankle in his heart---
And He too generous of ſoul to bear,
That the *rude hand of want* ſhou'd touch his *Fair*---
No---the dear object whom his heart adores,
Muſt never enter at *Misfortune's* doors;
For *her ſake only* he for *wealth* may pine,
*Plutus* might lead him on to *Hymen's* ſhrine.

Rich

Rich in each grace, in each emollient art,
In ev'ry quality that mends the heart;
By ev'ry Attic elegance refin'd,
With which fair Science decorates the mind;
With ſentiments for earth almoſt too good,
Ting'd with a *decent ſmack of fleſh and blood*;
Companion meet in *Ida*'s grove to ſit,
And entertain the *Muſes* with his wit;
Shou'd ſome accompliſh'd Fair One catch his eye,
And with her virtues teach his heart to ſigh;
Shou'd ſhe of paſſion yield the kind return,
And with a mutual love of merit burn;
Though they both ſicken, by *Love*'s Stroke undone,
And growing languid with the *Paphian Sun*,
Hold tender parley with deſpairing eyes,
While glance with glance is anſwer'd, ſigh with ſighs,
And each *impriſon'd Heart* wou'd burſt his cheſt,
Ardent to throb in one united breaſt;
Though more they feel than *Cupid*'s *Martyrs* knew,
More than *enamour'd Poet* ever drew;

Though all *Love*'s *Ætna* in their boſom flames,
And glides thro' ev'ry vein in burning ſtreams;
Though *married thus by Nature*, angry fate
Forbids the *Curate* ſhou'd have ſuch a mate.
*Sir John* is haughty---and, with high diſdain,
Rejects alliance with ſo poor a ſwain---
" Preſumptuous wretch! to dare with no pretence,
" But Honeſty untainted, and good Senſe,
" Good Wit, good Nature, and ſincereſt Love,
" Preſume to *look at* one ſo much above
" His level and degree---Shou'd dare approach,
" And aſk my daughter's hand *without a Coach!*
" 'Tis nonſenſe, ſtuff, impertinence, and worſe,
" To talk of *loving* with an empty purſe---
" *Pennyleſs fellows* to pretend *to feel*,
" And talk of *darts more ſharp than pointed ſteel*;
" ---Whip me ſuch vagrants thro' fair *Cyprus' iſle*---
" Before *my Daughter*'s, firſt get *Fortune*'s *Smile*---
" *Put to your Doves*, good Venus---and adieu!
" In vain your pretty Self for Curates ſue."---

His

His warmth of paſſion all in vain he pleads,
In vain he ſhews he inwardly he bleeds,
Shews the *dove feathers* with his *heart's blood red*,
For *Cupid* drew his arrow to the head;
In vain he urges 'tis not pow'r, nor pelf,
But the attractive beauties of *herſelf*
Have won his heart---that all the world beſide
Were poor to him, if *Phyllis* is deny'd;
All, all is vain---the anſwer had been rude,
If *Chriſt himſelf* without a *Jointure* ſu'd.

The time wou'd fail to tell of each offence
Of affectation born, and want of ſenſe;
How ev'ry *Fop* affects to jeer and gibe,
To *ſmoke the Parſon*, and to gall his kibe;
To tip the wink, to ſtart the bawdry toaſt,
To laugh at *Chriſt*, and ſneer the *Holy Ghoſt*,
To act the *Infidel*, deny a *God*,
But all his *Argument* a *Shrug* and *Nod*.

*Balbutio*

*Balbutio*, half a *Beau* and half a *Belle*,
Liſps tiny jokes againſt that *Bugbear*, *Hell*;
And when the *Sniff-box* has *manur'd* his wit,
To *be made happy* he will not ſubmit
But his *own way*.—What's *Heaven* to a *Beau*?
He can find *better company* below;
And tho' ſo *modeſt* that he wou'd not dare
To meet *in private* ſome inviting fair,
Yet is this thing all amorous and lewd,
Where to be amorous is to be rude,
And whereſoe'er he meets a *grave Divine*,
He toaſts his *Whore*, with "*Demme*—*She is fine!*

View yon gay Circle! *Faſhion*'s brilliant Reign,
Where it is *Sin* and *Treaſon to go plain*—
Where *Virtue* is defin'd a *beauteous Face*,
And *Merit* nothing means but—*Flanders Lace*;
Where all the *value of the Head's without*,
Like precious *Jewels* in a *ſwiniſh Snout*;

Where

Where ſparkling *Di'monds* are preferr'd to *Brains*,
And *Jigs* and *Hornpipes* to ſoft *Lydian Strains*;
Where Wit and Senſe are held in diſrepute,
And *Learning* lies in *an embroider'd Suit.*
Shou'd ſome poor *Curate* aukward, and ill dreſt,
The glittering Circle join---the ill-bred *jeſt*,
The *whiſper*, *titter*, *wink* runs thro' the ring---
" A *Parſon (ſure's)* a ſtrange, queer, aukward *thing*,
" A clumſy, ruſtic *Cretur*---Well, I vow,
" I've ſeen a *Plough-boy* make a *better Bow*---
" ---Good Doctor! burn your *books*, and learn to *dance*,
" Shake off *old Greece*, and ſtudy *modern France*---
" Can *Harry Stotle* teach the *Art to kiſs?*
" Can *Pleto* give a Lady *real Bliſs?*
" Can *Logic* teach you the *expiring Sigh*,
" To *ſqueedge* the Hand, and roll the *dying Eye?*
" Can cool *Philoſophy's dry hand* impart
" The *looſeſt Wiſhes* to the *chaſteſt Heart?*
" Can *Homer*, with the *muſty Tale of Troy*,
" Give *modern Helens* true *ſubſtantial Joy?*

" A *Lady's Appetite* aſks rich repaſt,
" To diet on a *Scholar*, is to *faſt*."
Truce, *gentle Fair Ones*---truce---your jeering ſpare!
He may be *honeſt*, tho' his *Coat* is *bare*---
Though his *Bow's aukward*, yet *ſincere* his *Heart*,
And He a *Man of Honour*, tho' no *Smart*,
Did you the trick poſſeſs his *Mind* to know,
You'd find *within* he is a *moral Beau*.

Theſe, and a thouſand grating ills beſide,
To the *Town-Curate's* thorny life betide.

Not ſo our *Village-Brethren*---happier they
Sing at their work, and in the vineyard play;
Their taſk accompliſh'd, and their duty done,
They ſport like children in the evening ſun;
No ſlights they know, no injury ſuſtain,
Of no rude rabble's inſolence complain;
But ſtand on fair *Equality*, none higher,
And *ſmoke*, and *play back-gammon with the 'Squire*.

So

So the blythe ſhepherd in *Arcadia*'s plains,
While his flock grazes, chaunts his rural ſtrains;
The wolf at diſtance, and ſerene the day,
His work is pleaſure, and his buſ'neſs play.

Ye honeſt Curates! whereſoe'er ye are,
Whate'er your lot is, learn that lot to bear!
Though *Royal Favour* never on you ſhone,
Nor *caſt-off M---ſs* gave a *B---p's* throne;
Though *Fortune* will not take you for her heir,
Nor think you *Fools* enough to need her Care,
Repine not at the humble place you hold!
*Happineſs* is not to be bought with *Gold*.
Sigh not for *Mitres*, they're not worth your care,
They're lin'd with thorns, although they look ſo fair---
*Virtue* can live without them, nor wou'd chuſe
To gain a *Mitre* her *Content* to loſe.
Few are the wants of life---*bed*, *raiment*, *food*---
And its chief *luxury* is *doing good*.

*Curates*

*Curates* in this may with *Archbiſhops* vie,
With *Princes* may contend in *Charity*;
May ſtrive with *Monarchs* in the deeds of *Grace*,
And challenge them to run th' *immortal Race*.

***FINIS.***